

The Historie

And our indentures tripartite are drawn,
Which being sealed enterchangeably,
(A businesse that this night may execute.)
To morrow coosen Percy you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester wil set forth
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shal we need his helpe these fourteen daies,
Within that space you may haue drawne together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

Glen. A shorter time shall send me to you Lords,
And in my conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steale and take no leaue,
For there wil be a world of water shed,
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.

Hot. Me thinks my moiety North from Burton here,
In quantity equals nor one of yours,
See how this riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land,
A huge halfe moone, a monstrous scantle out,
He haue the currant in this place damnd vp,
And here the sinug and siluer Trent shall run
In a new channell faire and euenly,
It shall not wind with such a deepe indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottome here.

Glen. Nor wind it shal, it must, you see it doth.

Mor. Yea, but marke howe he beares his course, and runs mee
vp with like aduantage on the other side, gelding the opposed
continent as much as on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea but a little charge wil trench him here,
And on this Northside win this cape of land,
And then he runs straight and euen.

Hot. He haue it so a little charge will do it.

Glen. He not haue it alfred.

Hot. Will not you?

Glen. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay?

Glen.

of Henrie the fourth.

Glen. Why that will I.

Hot. Let me not vnderstand you then, speake it in Welsh.

Glen. I can speake English Lord as well as you,
For I was traind vp in the English court,
Where being but yong I framed to the harpe
Many an English ditty louely well,
And gaue the tongue a helpful ornament,
A vertue that was neuer scene in you.

Hot. Marry and I am glad of it with all my hart,
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of these same miter ballet mongers,
I had rather heare a brazen cansticke turnd,
Or a drie wheele grate on the exle tree,
And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much as minsing poetry,
Tis like the forc't gate of a shuffling nag.

Glen. Come, you shal haue Trent turnd.

Hot. I do not care, ile giue thrice so much land
To any well deseruing friend:
But in the way of bargaine marke ye me,
He cauill on the ninth part of a haire,
Are the Indentures drawn, shal we be gone?

Glen. The moon shines faire, you may away by night
He haste the writer, and withal
Breake with your, wiues of your departure hence,
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doreth on her Mortimer.

Exit

Mor. Fie coosen Percy, how you crosse my father.

Hot. I cannot chuse, sometime he angers me
With telling me of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a Dragon and a finles fish,
A clipwingd Griffin and a molten rauon,
A couching Leon and a ramping Cat,
And such a deale of skimble scamble stuffe,
As puts me from my faith. I tel you what,
He held me last night at least nine houres
In reckoning vp the seuerall Diuels names

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